
Bell's Edition.

O T H E L L O.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

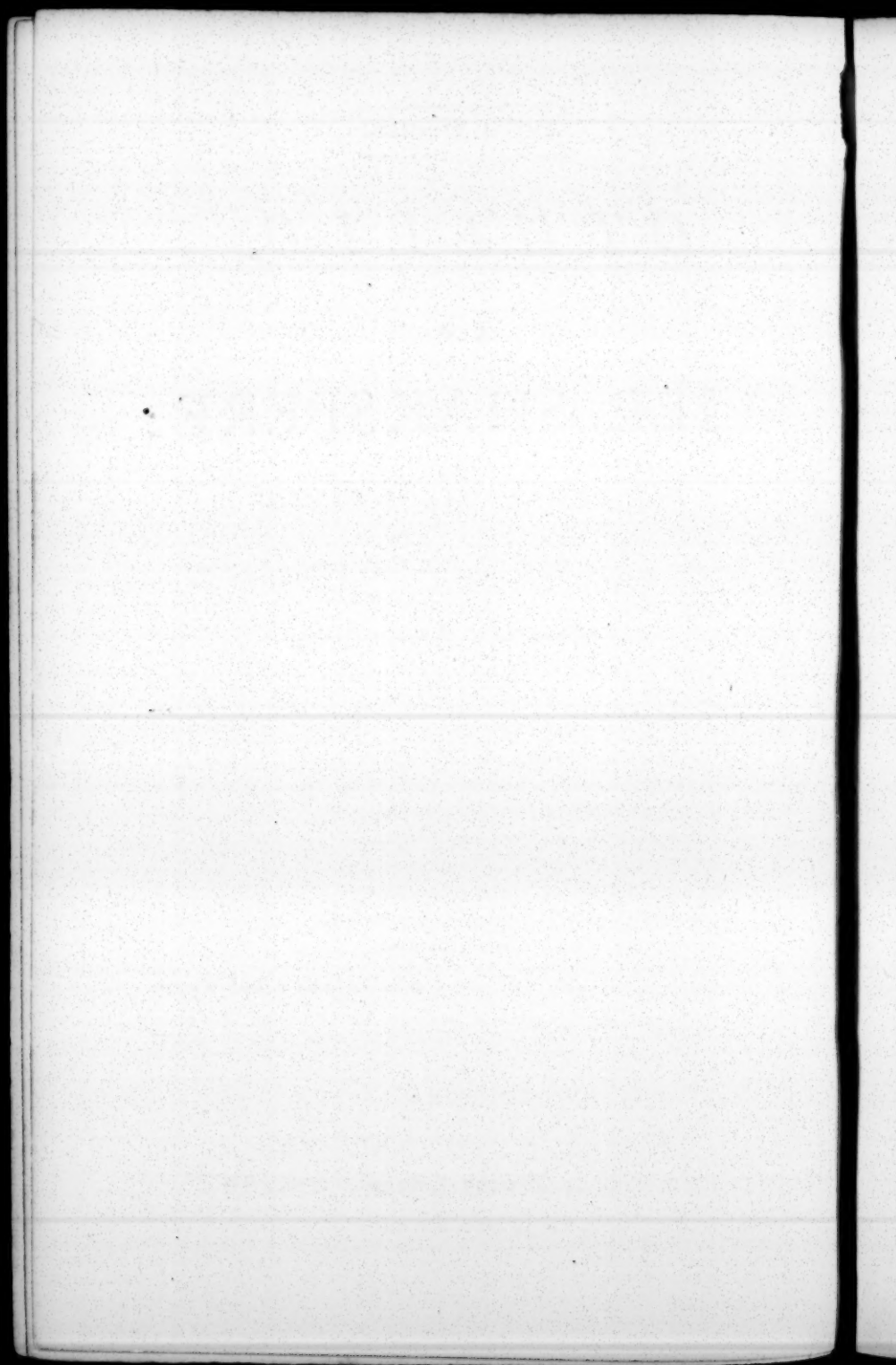
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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MDCCLXXXV.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

O T H E L L O.

THE story is taken from *Cynthia's Novels*. POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakspeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthia*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English.

FARMER.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any

modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him, as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of *Æmilia* is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

JOHNSON.

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Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

DUKE of Venice.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of
Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

WOMEN.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and
Attendants.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the
Play, in Cyprus.



O T H E L L O.

ACT I. SCENE

Venice. A Street. Enter RODERIGO, and IAGO.

Roderigo.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me :

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place : 10
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators ; *for, certes, says he,*
I have already chosen my officer.
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ; 20
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
Christian and Heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ; 30
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, sir, (bless the mark !) his Moor-ship's an-
cient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of ser-
vice ;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and, when he's old, ca-
shier'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
soul :

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :

In following him, I follow but myself ;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, 60

But seeming so, for my peculiar end :

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight, 70
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! 81

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, very now, an old black ram

91

Is

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise!
 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
 Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
 Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
 voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome: 100

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
 My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
 Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
 To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
 My spirit, and my place, have in them power
 To make this bitter to thee. 110

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
 Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve
 God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
 you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have
 your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll
 have

have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have cour-
sers for cousins, and gennets for germans. 121

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Rode-
rigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
you,

[If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent 130
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, 140
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:]
If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let

Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

150

Give me a taper;—call up all my people :—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already :—
Light, I say! light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd 160
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war
(Which even now stands in act), that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is; 171
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—

B

With

With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—

180

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

191

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

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EM

As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come
yonder ?

Enter CASSIO, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ? 230

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat : the gallies 240
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
'This very night, at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,

To

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

251

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd; 260
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

B i i j

Bra.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her: 270

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

[Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense, 279

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;

'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest: 290

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; 'till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state, 300
To bring me to him ?

Offi. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away :
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free, 310
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Council-Chamber, Duke, and Senators, sitting.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm 320
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state, 330
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace, 340
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in ;—if we make thought of
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet. 351

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is not he in town? 360

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-haste:
dispatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome gentle signior;

[To BRAB.

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general
care 370

Take hold on me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :
For nature so preposterously to err, 381
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 390
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this ?

[To OTHELLO.

Bra.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her; 400
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-
 tience, 410
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? 420
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven

To

To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
 Without more certain and more overt test, 430
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods,
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
 Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father: 440
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*]

Oth Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
 place:— [Exit IAGO.]

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How did I thrive in this fair lady's love, 450
 And she in mine.

Duke.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd :
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field ; 460
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear, 470

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

C

But

But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd
 me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story, 490
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
 too—

Good Brabantio.

Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;

Do

Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty :

To you I am bound for life, and education ;

My life, and education, both do learn me 510

How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,

I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her father,

So much I challenge that I may profess

Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done :—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;

I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—

Come hither, Moor ;

520

I here do give thee that with all my heart,

Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child ;

For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grize, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended, 530

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Cij

What

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
 thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears 540
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
 But words are words; I never yet did hear, 546
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the
 place is best known to you: And though we have
 there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet
 opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more
 safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to
 slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more
 stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity, 560
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.

Most

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

570

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes 580
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him. 590

Oth. Your voices, lords:—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young effects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys '600
Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord! 610

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife, 620
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me,

Duke.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[*To BRAB.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago, 630
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her:

And bring them after in the best advantage.—

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matter and direction,

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep. 640

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician. 646

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven years: and since I could distinguish

guish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be,

670

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should

long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her. 699

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered

livered. Traverse ; go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 710

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell : put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with such a snipe, 721
 But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor ;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not, if 't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,
 A double knavery,—How ? how ?—Let me see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear, 731
 That he is too familiar with his wife :—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

I have't;—it is engenderd :—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Capital of Cyprus. A Platform. Enter MONTANO,
and two Gentlemen.*

Montano.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at
land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet: 10
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

I never

I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not in shelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out. 20

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese: Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea, 30
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in, 40
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;

Even 'till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea! 50

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. 60

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

D

And,

And, in the essential vesture of creation, 70
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put
in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she? 80

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and ÆMILIA.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!— 90
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear!—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies 100
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*]

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.— [*An Attendant goes out.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress.

[*To ÆMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

[*Kisses her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, 111
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
doors, 120

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't; 130
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd: 140

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago.

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish? 152

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise
ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-
serving woman indeed; one that, in the authority
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself? 159

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may!*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Bid her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's
tail ;

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what?

171

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, though he be thy husband.—How say you, *Cassio*? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : Ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ; well kiss'd ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

190

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calmness,

May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas 200

Olympus high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,

But that our loves and comforts should increase,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—

210

I cannot speak enough of this content,

It stops me here; it is too much of joy:

And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!

But

But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,

As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—

News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?— 220

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers ;

Bring thou the master to the citadel ;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus. 229

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant ; as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their
natures more than is native to them,—list me. The
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard :
—First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly
in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 'tis not possible. 237

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
fantastical lies : And will she love him still for prat-
ing ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye
must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to

look

look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position), who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

267

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou

thou

thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?
didst not mark that? 274

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well. 290

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. 300

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona 310
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
'Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor 320
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet 330
Even

Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

356

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;

[*To DESD.*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night.

[*Exeunt OTHEL. and DESDEM.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock : Our general cast us thus early, for the love
of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and
she is sport for Jove.

362

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate crea-
ture.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a
parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right
modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an-alarum
to love ?

371

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieu-
tenant,

E

tenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. 380

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ? 389

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle-deep ; and he's to watch :
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance, 400
The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle ;—But here they come :
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse
already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

411

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*IAGO sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song. 419

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they
are most potent in potting : your Dane, your Ger-
man, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !
—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-
ing ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
E i j Dane

Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general. 430

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

440

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant. 450

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Cas.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough. 461

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mont. To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him. 470
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it,
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature 480
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils ; Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island: 490
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,—Help! help!*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand. 500

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to RODERIGO.*

[*Exit RODERIGO.*

Nay,

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
 Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
 Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
 Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*]

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold; 510
 You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he
 dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
 gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
 shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
 this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 520

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee,

Iago.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even
now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed : and then, but now 530
(As if some planet had unwitted men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
The gravity and stillness of your youth 540
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure ; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends
me,—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night ; 550
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice ;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;

And

And passion, having my best judgment collied,
 Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on; 560
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
 'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier. 570

Iago. Touch me not so near:
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause; 580
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And

And Cassio high in oath ; which, 'till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : When I came back
 (For this was brief), I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.

590

More of this matter can I not report :—

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ; 600
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting : Come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :—
 Lead him off.— *To MONTANO, who is led off.*
 Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life, 610
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exit, &c. Manent IAGO, and CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas.

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation! 618

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours. 629

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible? 640

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that

that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 651

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many months as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is un-
bless'd, and the ingredient is a devil. 661

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her;
her;

her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested : This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 680

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch. 689

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit *CASSIO*.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain ?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful

As the free elements : And then for her

To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, 700

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

F

Even

Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 710
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My
 money is almost spent; I have been to-night ex-
 ceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will
 be—I shall have so much experience for my pains:
 and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit,
 return to Venice. 724

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-
 craft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :
 Though other things grow fair against the sun, 731
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe :
 Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :—
 Nay, get thee gone.— [Exit RODERIGO.
 Two things are to be done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ; 740
 Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle. Enter CASSIO, with Musicians.

Cassio.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid—good-morrow, ge-
 neral. [Musick plays ; and enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been
 at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how!

Fij

Clown.

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. 20

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

32

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 40

[*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he
loves you; 50

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

F i i j

Æmil.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 To speak your bosom freely. 69
Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
 And, by him, do my duties to the state:
 That done, I will be walking on the works,
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle. Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and ÆMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf. 70

Æmil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my
 husband,

As if the case were his.

Des.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off 81
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, 90
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a Distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

100

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit *CASSIO*.]

Jago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Jago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife?

Jago. *Cassio*, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like, 110
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you, 120
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth.

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

130

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home?

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason 140

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he
will; 151

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,

Wherein

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

160

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to thee
straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come:—Be it as your fancies teach
you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with ÆMIL.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

170

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft. 180

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught
in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago.

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought, 190
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; What did'st not like ?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed !*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you. 200

Oth. I think, thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest. 210

Oth. I think so too.

Iago.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;

220

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

231

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I——perchance, am vicious in my guess
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not), that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance;—

It

It were not for your quiet, nor your good, 240
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. 250

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand.
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O misery ! 261

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

G

Think'st

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon 269
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago; 280
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-
science
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

300

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

310

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

320

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.

Gij

Iago.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : As—to be bold with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. 330
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature,
doubtless, 340

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord—I would, I might entreat your
honour,

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time ;
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With

With any strong, or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, 250
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am),
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, 360
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love, 370
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
 ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence. 380

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[She drops her Handkerchief.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt DESD. and OTH.]

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin; 390
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 400

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal. 410

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad 420
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit ÆMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,

Are,

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd, 440
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, 450
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So

So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content !
 Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewel !
 Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner ; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O ye mortal engines, whose rude throats 460
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is it possible ?—My lord—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
 Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Catching hold on him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ? 469

Oth. Make me to see it ; or (at the least) so prove
 it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

480

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

490

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied.

500

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; But, how? how satisfied, my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,

If

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own ! What then ? how then ? 510
 What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth—
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office : 520

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far—

Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;

One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say—*Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ! 530

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;

Cry—*O sweet creature !* and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips : then lay his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss ; and then

Cry—*Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. 540

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's), did I to-day 550
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell ! 560
Yield up, O love ! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago : [Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose

Act. III.

OTHELLO.

Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M^r. HENDERSON in IAGO,

Iago — but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your Wife's) did I to day
see Cassio wipe his beard with.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Nov: 24th 1785.

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—

Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic, and the Hellespont; 570
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 'Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,]
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet— [IAGO kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
 You elements that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up 580
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't:
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
 But let her live. 591

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
 Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle. Enter DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

599

Clown. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging ; and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out ? and be edify'd by report ?

610

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit.

Des.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, madam. 620

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes: And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was
born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be 630
Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness
to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my
lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sor-
row.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout; 640
For here's a young and sweating devil here,

H i j

That

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : The hearts, of old, gave
hands ;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ? 649

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give :
She was a charmer, and could almost read 660
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't,

Make

Make it a darling-like your precious eye ;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition, 670
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's magic in the web of it :
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts..

Des. Indeed ! is it true ? 680

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is it lost ? is it gone ? speak ! is it out of the
way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost. 690

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now :
This is a trick, to put me from my suit——

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind mis-
gives.

Des. Come, come ;

H i i j

You'll

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief—

700

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you—

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

710

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with
you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

720

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit ;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms.

730

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best ;
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you.

740

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen, the cannon
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—And can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him—
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
 Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,

752

Men's

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object.
 'Tis even so; for let our finger ach,
 And it endues our other healthful members
 Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
 Men are not gods:
 Nor of them look for such observancy 760
 As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
 think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause, 771
 But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Excunt DESDEMONA and ÆMILIA.*]

Enter

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

780

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;

789

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:

But I shall, in a more continue time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA's Handkerchief.]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

799

From whence you have them. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded

(As

(As like enough, it will), I'd have it copy'd :
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

819

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO.

Iago.

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth.

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, 10

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis her's, my lord; and, being
her's,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not: 20

But, for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
it:—

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit, 30

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab.

Oth.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but, be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie——

40

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say, lie on her, when they belie her : Lie with her ! that's fulsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.—First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess :—I tremble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus :—Pish !—Noses, ears, and lips :—Is it possible ?—Confess ?—Handkerchief !—O devil !—

50

[*Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !
My lord, I say ! Othello !—How now, Cassio ?

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. What's the matter ?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;

This

This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

60

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear :

The lethargy must have his quiet course :

If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight ; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you—

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

70

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven !

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,

May draw with you : there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper beds,

80

Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.

O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know :

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ! 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your
grief

(A passion most unsuited such a man) 90

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife;

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; 100

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience:

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss—

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

A housewife, that, by selling her desires,

Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature, 110

That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;

He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain

From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me. 120

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him 130

To tell it o'er; Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee,
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so un-
wholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

I ij

Oth.

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win.

[*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

141

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? Well.

[*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand she falls thus about my neck—

152

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

[*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

[*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

160

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by thus hunting of me?

Bian.

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There—give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

173

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !

[*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

180

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. O, Iago !

190

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Your's, by this hand : and to see how he

I i j

prizes

prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing;—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 198

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition! 211

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer! 222

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprorvide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. 230

[*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir,

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus. 240

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well,

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—

[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much 250
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed? 260

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, 270
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile;—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

Lod.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
turn: 280

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home;—Get you away:
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together. 290
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-
kies! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What

What he might be—if what he might, he is not—
I would to heaven, he were.

301

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; Yet 'would I
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him;

310

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Apartment in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, and
ÆMILIA.*

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

320

Æmil.

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head, 330
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go.— [*Exit ÆMILIA.*]
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter ÆMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ? 340

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To ÆMIL.*] Some of your function, mistress.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :

Your

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[Exit ÆMILIA.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ? 350

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ;
Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd.
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it. 360

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? With whom ? How am
I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven 370
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: 380
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, 391
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—'Would, thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed! 400
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it : What committed !—Impudent
strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

410

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter ÆMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your
pains ;

420

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas ! what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my
lord ?

Des. With who ?

Æmil. With my lord, madam ?

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Æmil. He that is your's, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : Do not talk to me, *Æmilia* ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none, 431
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed ! [Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter IAGO, with ÆMILIA.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it
with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
babes, 440

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was. 450

Æmil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

460

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his
bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
company?

470

What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

480

And

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form:

490

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will,—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore:

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence,

501

And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay:

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Excunt DESDEMONA, and ÆMILIA.*

K i i j

Enter

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary? 510

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly. 520

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it. 531

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful

unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing. 540

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee ; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd. 547

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it : If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason, and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place. 559

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do? 569

Iago. Ay; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 581

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona!—

Des. My lord? 589

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: 600
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve
him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns—
Pr'ythee, unpin me—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our
minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk. 610

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And

And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
 An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
 And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
 But to go hang my head all o' one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

629

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd
 barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

631

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil.

Æmil. It is the wind.

640

Des. I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;
Doth that bode weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, *Æmilia*,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind ?

650

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing : 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 660

Æmil. In troth I think I should ; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ;

exhibition ; but, for all the whole world—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world. 670

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall : Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ; 680
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite ;
Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
I think, it is ; And doth affection breed it ? 690
I think it doth ; Is't frailty that thus errs ?
It is so too : And have not we affections ?
Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?

Then,

Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night : Heaven me such
usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend ! 697
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.

Iago.

HERE, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he
come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy
sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies. 10
[*Stands apart.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the
sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

L

Every

Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor 20
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril.
 No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he ;—Villain, thou dy'st.
[He runs at CASSIO, and wounds him.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
 I will make proof of thine.

*[Fight. CASSIO wounds RODERIGO : IAGO cuts
 CASSIO behind in the Leg, and exit.*

Rod. O, I am slain !

Cas. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, ho ! murder !
 murder !

Enter OTHELLO, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am ! 30

Oth. Hark ! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'Tis he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
 That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
 Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead,

And

And your fate hies apace :—Strumpet, I come :
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 blotted ;
 Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
 spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a Distance.

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder !
 murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help ! 41

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans ;—it is a heavy night :
 These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
 To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
 weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this, that cries
 out murder ? 50

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

L i j

Lod.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
this? 60

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[To *Lod.* and *Gra.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*IAGO stabs him.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O, O!

Iago. Kill men 'i the dark!—Where be these bloody
thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good, or evil? 71

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by
villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt. 80
Enter

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence! 90

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay. 100

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Liiij

Gra.

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he!—O, that's well said;—the
chair:— [*A Chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; 108
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.— [*CASSIO is borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,
husband? 120

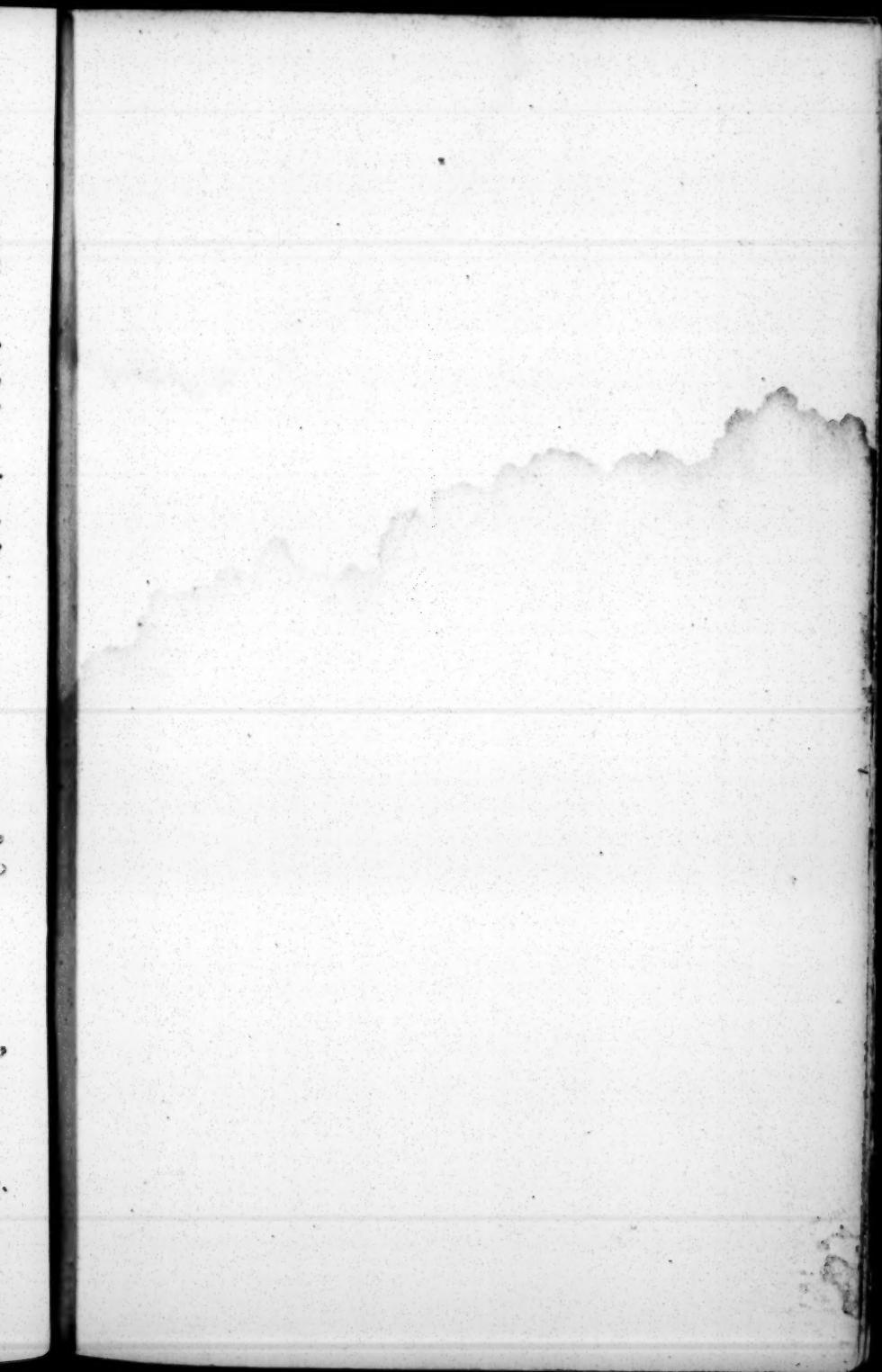
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Æmilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian.



A black and white engraving of a woman reclining in a circular frame, with a large, ornate, dark object (possibly a bust or sculpture) positioned above her head. The background is dark and textured.

_____ Yet I'll not shed her blood;
nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow.



544

Examination of

Diagnosis

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet ! 130

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd :—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray ?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Bed-Chamber : DESDEMONA in Bed, asleep. A Light
burning. Enter OTHELLO.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul— 140

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his Sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light !

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature, 150
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after : Once more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : This sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes— 161

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight. 169

Des. Alas, my lord ! what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No—Heaven forefend !—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum ! 180

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : Why, I should fear, I know
not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas ! why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet, I hope, I hope, 190

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so : What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul ;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die. 200

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

That

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven 210
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd. 220

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all. 230

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

240

Oth. It is too late.

[*He smothers her.*]

ÆMILIA *within.*

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

249

Oth. Yes;—'tis Æmilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!

O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should

Should yawn at alteration.

260

Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, *Æmilia*:—

Soft—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the Door.*]

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now.

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

271

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,

Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!—

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of time,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

280

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done

This deed?

Des. No body; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell! [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd? 290

Æmil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water. 300

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock? 309

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband?

M

Oth.

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first :
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ?
I say, thy husband. 320

Æmil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with
love !

My husband say, that she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;
I say, thy husband ; Do'st understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Æmil. Do thy worst : 330
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help, help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ; Murder ! murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mont. What is the matter ?—How now, general ?

Æmil.

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well, 34¹

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought: and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did. 35¹

Emil. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie;
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth. 36¹

Mont. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon't—I think—I smell't;—O villany!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villany, villany!

Mij

Iago,

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home. 370

Oth. O! O! O! [*OTHELLO looking on his Wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief 380
Shore his old thread in twain; did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand; 390
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace,
sir? no,

No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [IAGO offers to stab his Wife.

Gra. Fie!

401

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),
Hè begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

410

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs his Wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his
wife,

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Mijj

Gra.

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon, 420

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :
Come guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt MON. and GRA.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. *Willow, willow, willow!*— 431
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor :
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;—
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. 441

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !
 Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ; 450
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
 Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
 Even like thy chastity.— 460
 O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
 Dead ? O ! O ! O !

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO *brought in* ; MONTANO,
 with IAGO Prisoner ; and Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ;—but that's a
 fable :

470

If

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ; 480
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know, you
know :

From this time forth I never will speak word. 490

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here, another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth.

Oth. O villain!

500

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's!

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

510

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

520

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.

I have

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
 No more of that:—I pray you in your letters, 531
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
 eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood, 540
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this;
 And say, besides—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus! [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd. 549

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but
 this, [*Falling upon DESDEM.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no wea-
 pon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To IAGO.*]

This

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—
 Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain ; 561
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !
 Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]

THE END.



